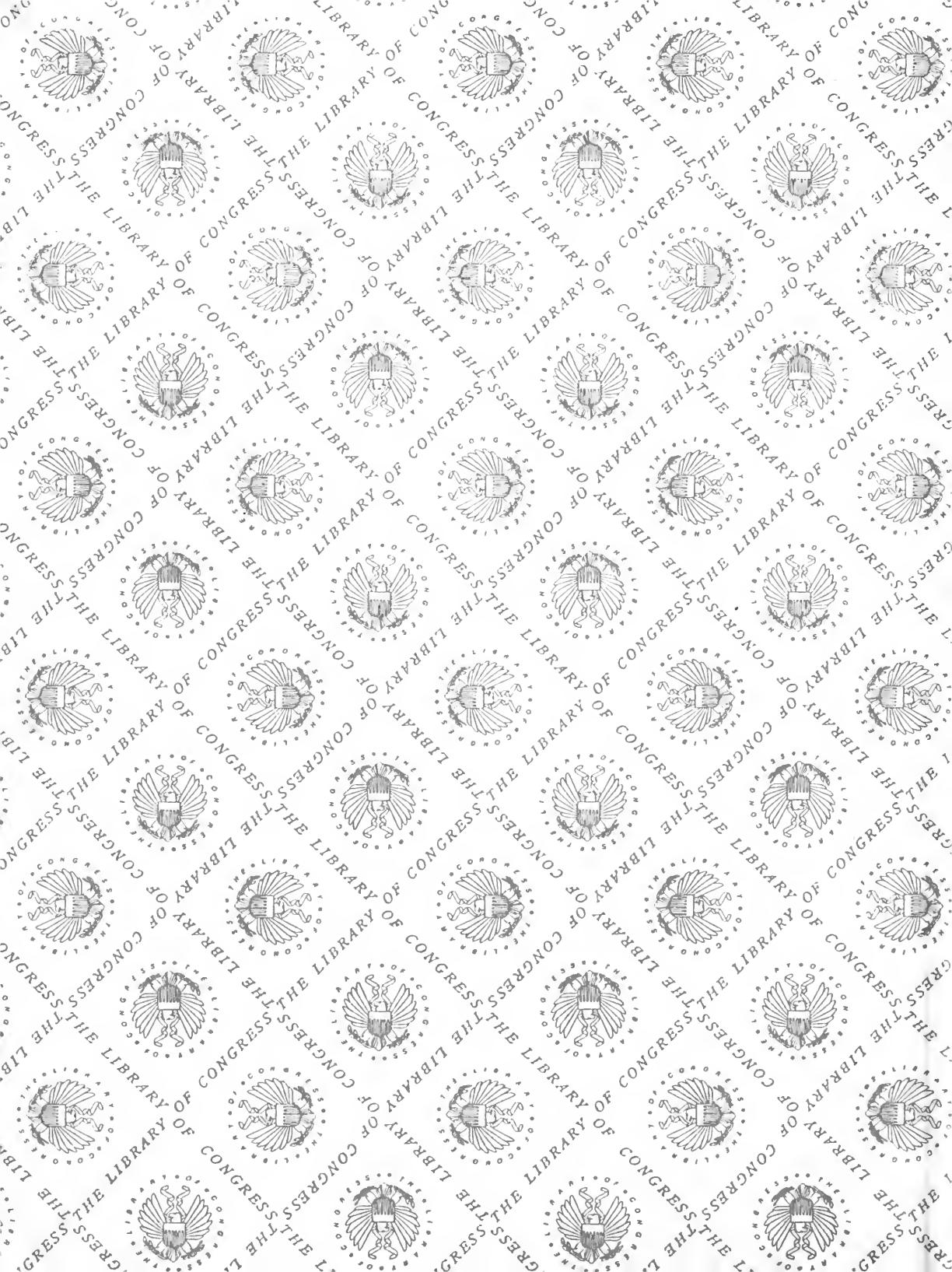
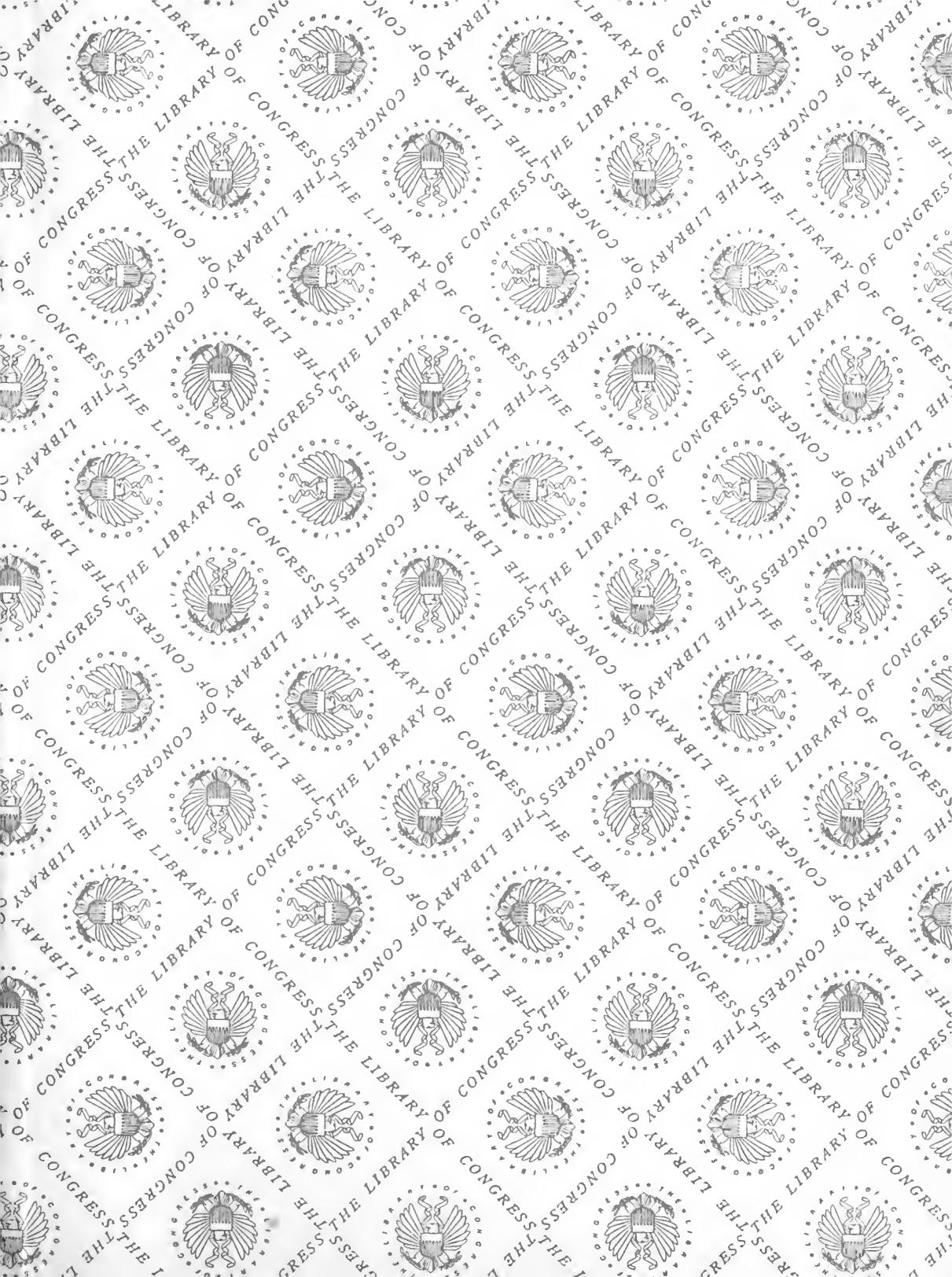


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1919





~~P~~LAY THE GAME

Being the
Fulfillment of a
Promise



Written by
CHAS. M. BUSH
for his friend
CHAS. E. FAETH



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1919

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Of this edition there have been printed
forty copies and this book, which is Num-
ber 3, has been especially printed for My
Friend,

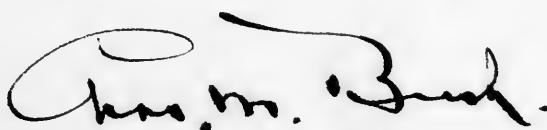
Judge John F. Collier





THE original copy of this book was written in a letter from Santa Monica, California, July 31, 1919, to my good friend, because he asked me to do so and because there was no better way to spend an evening than in thinking of my friends. Moreover, at that time he needed the instruction. I have found out since, however, that like most tutors, I fall down at the point of practical application. I do not follow my own teaching, and, though the course has not yet been completed I find I am even now excelled by my pupil.

To Good Fellowship, to hearts that are true, and to my dear friend, client and pupil, I dedicate this vacation effusion.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Charles M. Bush".



IT is my good fortune to find that the chief pleasure in the game of life, which is the game of chance, is the welding of the golden binding chain of Friendship which is kept bright by many happy hours of close companionship.

To show my deep appreciation to those who have so greatly contributed to my prosperity and happiness, I have had this little book put into form and present it to my friends with all my heart.

It is much to my regret that my dear friend and tutor has not yet completed the instruction of which I was so much in need and he so capable of giving; but if I am ever graduated, I say to my good friends, "Beware,—beware!"

(. . . could it be possible that he delays my diploma because of this anticipation?)

Chas. E Faeth

CHRISTMAS
1919

I SIT tonight and hear the waves surge back and forth on the sandy beach, and it makes me think of you, "Old Top" and the game you would have me teach. For the restless waves with their restless ways are like you in a certain game, as they flaunt around in their endless plays and accomplish just the same. They splutter and splash and slip and slide, and come and go with the varying tide, and storm sometimes—if they feel that way—just as you in your varying play. So listen, "Old Top", what I have to say, as I hear the waves in their midnight play.

Life's one fine gamble from the day we utter the first wee sound 'til we shrivel and stumble and slip under the ground. For it's a chance we take from the very start, and it's all a chance 'til the time we depart. So, if it's poker or dice, or law or steel, let's play the game from the very first deal with some set rule or plan or scheme. As I write you tonight, let that be our theme.



Call up the boys! They will come soon enough and gather around for a chance, be it law or iron by the pound. Whatever we have, they want it I'm sure. It's simply a question of how strong is the lure.

Get out the tools! There's a thousand ways to take a chance in a thousand plays. But don't forget, the result's the same. Men have one object in playing the game. Profit, Profit, Profit, just one word—there's no other reason, the thought is absurd that it's anything else. Yet you hear some say that "for pleasure" is the only reason they play. Nonsense! Who ever got pleasure from making a loss or being defeated? Think it over "Old Hoss".

So hand me the cards. Cut, shuffle and deal. Let's play a hand and see how we feel. Five cards all around, and after they're out let's take a peep—see what it's about. Have we been lucky? How's our stock in trade? What's the result from the plans we have made? What have you in this first play—Nothing? Men often start just that way. Nobody opens! They mutter and grumble and finger the cards

and slip 'em and fumble—all trying to figure in some foxy way to hook all the others—The same old play. Deal all around. Now, how should we move in an endeavor our game to improve? Play tight, sit steady, don't rock the boat; squeeze 'em, pinch 'em, spring at their throat. For in poker, as in business, the "rube" that's asleep has but one finish—to awake and to weep. So don't take a chance! 'Tis thus that I dope 'em: Have aces at least; if not, never open. For Jacks, Queens and Kings are things of the past. If you trifle with "shorts" you surely can't last.

So now, having opened with aces or better, follow the rules right down to the letter. Don't stand a raise on a pair! 'Tis quite foolish and there's nothing to gain by acting mulish. Unless with a pair you have a hunch you can bluff 'em, then bet back, look fierce, stand pat and chunk 'em; for in poker, like business, there's a great deal of buncombe. You'll get caught sometimes—they'll see it's a fake, but the best of best men make a mistake. Of course rank suckers quite often play and make rot-



ten calls, and take your money away. But don't fail to remember if they stay to the finish, as the hours pile up their chips will diminish.

Draw one card to "threes" on a raise. I'll admit it's deceit, but you must be deceptive if in poker you beat.

Always raise before drawing to a flush or a straight; bet hard after drawing and you'll win sure as fate.

Don't be a "caller"! It's a habit, 'tis said, that feeds on the nerve from the purse to the head.

Be aggressive, be active, change your play, keep 'em guessing! Your opponents will find such a play most distressing. But don't be so foolish as a man once I saw who continually bet 'gainst a one card draw, for before one should do it, I'm here to relate, he should be able to beat a full flush and straight.

Play the strength that you have and do not depend on some chance weakness in the other man's hand. Unless sometimes, perchance, you can read a man's face; he might tip off his hand if in a tight place.

Look at your hand before it's checked up to you and have your mind made what you are going to do! Then do it or don't, just as occasion demands (you'll enjoy yourself better and play many more hands).

Don't fiddle the cards; they're just as you got 'em! If you hold them still, there'll be one on the bottom. If you change them around someone might be able to see them slip by from over the table.

Act when your turn comes, for I want you to know that there are some men who play their hands purposely slow to see what the man on their left's going to do, and thereby take undue advantage of you. Believe me, the game wasn't written that way. Those who do it would steal your gold teeth any day.

Don't stall! Please, don't stall! unless there's a reason. Don't delay just for fun —the play's out of season. There are others you know whose time you are taking (as well as your own) and no progress making.

Five cards all 'round; eight men all 'round; the clock's hands all 'round. Last



hand, we must go. The waves on the beach
still surge and still toss. Some of us won
and some of us lost! The old moon has
sunk long since to its rest. No more do its
beams light the waves at their crest, and
night scurries and hastens far into the
west.



OLD SOL rubs his eyes and awakens to say, with a glow from the east, "My dear friends, 'tis day!"

Well, well, what a night! Here I sit all alone with my pen in hand and naught to atone for the loss of my sleep and the loss of my rest. Yes, there is! for there's one thing that in this life is best. It's the thought of my friends with their various ways, their various faults and their various plays.

There sits Gus, Fussy Gus, Princey Gus!
May he stay on this earth to be in at the
very last play.

There sits Frank! Nature made him and said, with a smile, "I am sure I've accomplished a task that's worth while."

There sits Dan, Wily Dan, Foxy Dan,
Stylish Dan! In this big round world
there's no other such man.

There sits Fred of the Steel, and Fred of the Ice,—both bully fellows and equally nice. A little eccentric and really live sports, but both tied for tightness—(I get from reports)



Then there's Charley the Silent, the oily magnate,—and you at my left, let me see, that makes eight.

There are others, of course, in my fancy tonight. Tim, let's have two tables, some chairs—there, that's right.

Look! there sits the Judge, "P-a-s-s", hear him exclaim, "I can't get a full, I don't like the game."

There sits Ira! Lignum-vitae, Lord Almighty, Gee, how tighty! Won't play till he gets 'em, if he sits up all nighty.

And there sits Jim, "Jackson Jim", last card Jim, "Ain't it tough to call when he's got 'em and lay down on a bluff!"

Then there's William, the genteel, courteous, fair, who handles the cards with dexterous care. But when he chances to bet on a fight he's out of his class! Am I right?

There's Beau Brummel Cy, of remarkable luck, whose first half of his last name tells us why we get stuck.

Then there's George, who looks silly and bets you a 'gob', and the Prince of quick



quitters, Jimmy de Rob.

There's Ed, the cigar man, who early did learn that the way to get rich was to make money burn.

There's Harry the wise man—as white as he's black—who swears off quite often but always comes back.

There are others, of course, but I haven't the time to mention each "Bug" and put his name into rhyme.

There are two "Bills", however, when presented we pay. They're not tight or not close, but discreet let me say. One got his eye-teeth cut while out on the range, and the other, well he just likes to keep his loose change.

So, good day, Idle Fellows! Begone idle thought! See of my time what havoc you've wrought. How many moments I've wasted with thee; as many I'm sure as the sands of the sea.



Well, I guess I'll quit. No, I won't! Yes, I will. But there's no other game that gives such a thrill. There's something about it I can't understand,—why I can't tell before hand when I've got the best hand. It's the guess that's exciting in all things in life. It's the guess that brings pleasure, it's the guess that brings strife. So, I say, life's a gamble from the first joyous sound till we shrivel and stumble and slip under the ground.

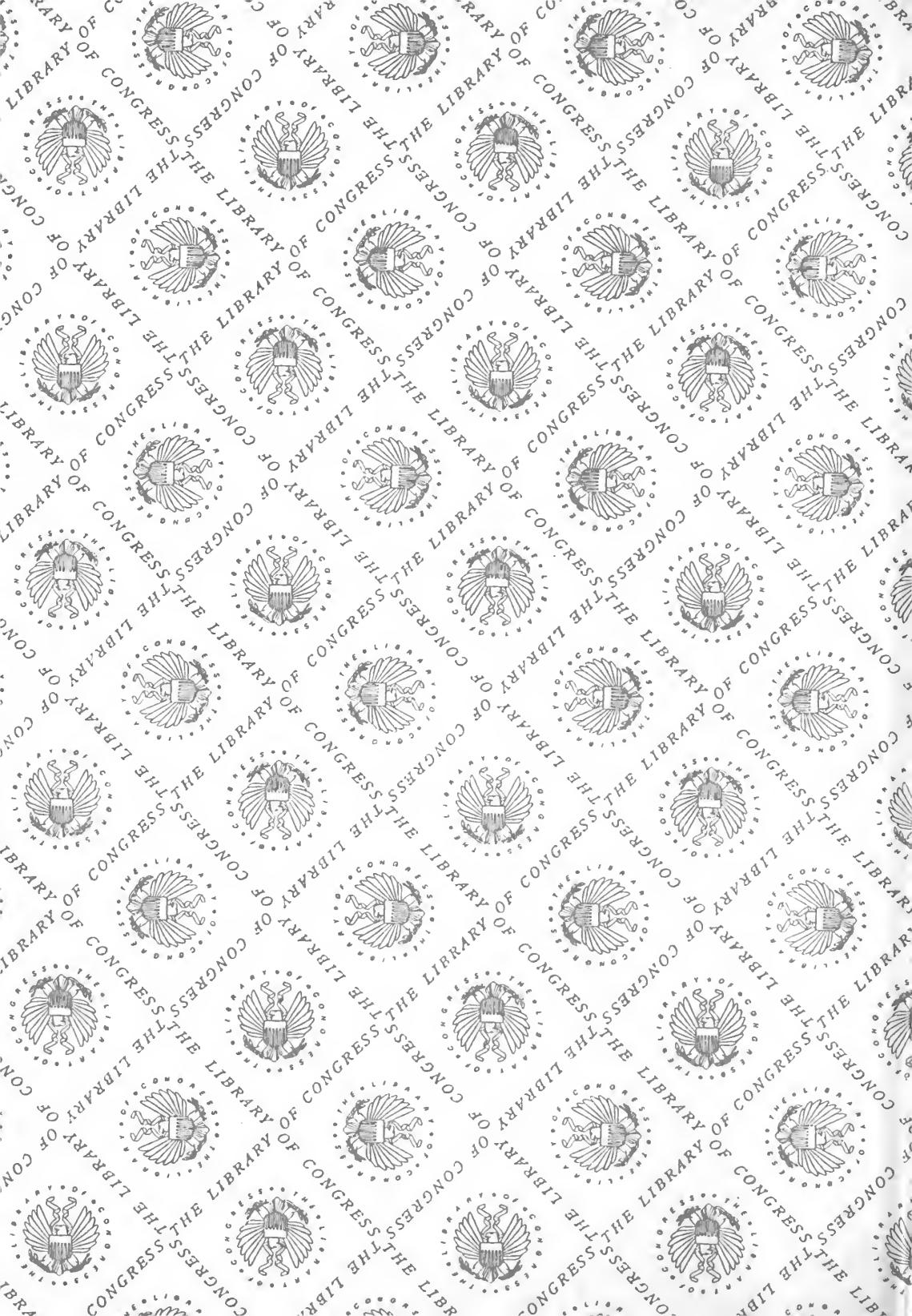
So, good day, Bully Fellows, run along, don't forget that as long as life lasts I'll make you a bet; and when it's all over and life's cards lie still, I know kindred souls will be seeking a thrill. Stock up on asbestos! There's a chance, don't you know, that some of your lots may be cast down below. If such be the case and I'm riding high, setting out stars far up in the sky, just send me a wireless that the best of all men are about to convene in some cavernous den, and all earthly papers at that time will say, "Something happened last night. 'Tis said, by the way, a star fell with a soul hanging on, and St. Peter knows not where in Hell it has gone."



Here then endeth "Play the Game" as written by Chas M. Bush and printed privately and hand-illuminated for Chas. E. Faeth by The Crafters Publishing Company at their Shop which is in Kansas City, Missouri, at the close of the year Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen.









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